A ſpade and mattocke.
Iohn: Well I will preſently go fetch thee them. *Exit.*
Laur: Now muſt I to the Monument alone,
Leaſt that the Ladie ſhould before I come
Be wakde from ſleepe. I will hye
To free her from that Tombe of miſerie. *Exit.*

Enter Countie Paris and his Page With flowers and ſweete water.

Par: Put out the torch, and lye thee all along
Vnder this Ew-tree, keeping thine eare cloſe to the hollow ground.
And if thou heare one tread within this Churchyard,
Straight giue me notice.
Boy: I will my Lord.

Paris ſtrewes the Tomb with flowers.

Par: Sweete Flower, with flowers I ſtrew thy Bridale bed:
Sweete Tombe that in thy circuite doſt containe,
The perfect modell of eternitie:
Faire *Iuliet* that with Angells doſt remaine,
Accept this lateſt fauour at my hands,
That liuing honourd thee, and being dead
With funerall praiſes doo adorne thy Tombe.
Boy whiſtles and calls. My Lord.

Enter Romeo and Balthaſar, with a torch, a mattocke, and a crow of yron.

Par:

Par: The boy giues warning, ſomething doth approach.
What curſed foote wanders this was to night,
To ſtay my obſequies and true loues rites?
What with a torch, muffle me night a while.
Rom: Giue mee this mattocke, and this wrentching Iron.
And take theſe letters, early in the morning,
See thou deliuer them to my Lord and Father.
So get thee gone and trouble me no more.
Why I deſcend into this bed of death,
Is partly to behold my Ladies face,
But chiefly to take from her dead finger,
A precious ring which I muſt vſe
In deare imployment: but if thou wilt ſtay,
Further to prie in what I vndertake,
By heauen Ile teare thee ioynt by ioynt,
And ſtrewe thys hungry churchyard with thy lims.
The time and my intents are ſauage, wilde.
Balt: Well, Ile be gone and not trouble you.
Rom: So ſhalt thou win my ſauour, take thou this,
Commend me to my Father, farwell good fellow.
Balt: Yet for all this will I not part from hence.

Romeo opens the tombe.

Rom: Thou deteſtable maw, thou womb of death,
Gorde with the deareſt morſell of the earth.
Thus I enforce thy rotten iawes to ope.
Par: This is that baniſht haughtie *Mountague*,
That murderd my loues coſen, I will apprehend him.
Stop thy vnhallowed toyle vile *Mountague*.
Can vengeance be purſued further then death?
I doe attach thee as a fellon heere,
The Law condemnes thee, therefore thou muſt dye.
Rom: I muſt indeed, and therefore came I hither.
Good youth be gone, tempt not a deſperate man.

Heare